# Admired His Genius.

"Are you travelling alone?" asked a tall agricultural looking gentleman, approaching a laily who occupied two scats in a crowded car.
"No, sir," she replied.
"Hay I ask you who's with you?" asked the man, looking around vailly for some other place to store himself.
"My husband," snapped the lady, with flashing eyes. "My husband is travelling with me."
"Oh, ah! excuse me," and the tall man straightened up, and prepared to take a standing ride. ing ride.

Is this seat engaged P asked a dashing well-dressed young fellow of the day, five min

"No, sir," she replied, and down he plumped.
"I say, un'am?" protested the tall man, "is
that your husband?"
"No, it isn't, and you needn't ask any more
questions," retorted the woman.
"But you said you were travelling with him,"
persisted the tall man.
"No! am," snorted the lady.
"Where is he!" insisted the tall man.
"He's in the baggage car, in a coffin," replied
the lady.

the lady.
"I beg pardon, ma'am," said the tall man, humbly, "I honestly beg pardon. I won't ask if he's dead, but you'll excuse me for thinking that if you and he have been married long, he's denced smart to travel around screwed up in a box, if you are on the same trip, and it's likely to last long."— Deake's Travellers' Magazine.

Astonished at His Popularity.

Ike Schwindelmeyer is a relative of old man Schwindelmeyer, of the well-known Galveston firm of Schwindelmeyer & Co. Ike is a recent importation from Germany, and travels for the firm. He has a very good opinion of himself, and thinks that Schwindelmeyers own this world, and have a builder's lieu on the next. Not long since, young lke Schwindelmeyer visited Honston. On the morning of his arrival, after breakfast, he started up the avenue. It happened that the funeral procession of a prominent citizen was also proceeding up the avenue. Ike was abreast of the hearse, and the guiltemen on the sidewalks removed their hats, and remained uncovered until the hearse had passed. Ike took all this to himself, and politely returned the salutations with some pleasant Astonished at His Popularity. returned the salutations with some pleasant mark, as a "peautiful morning, shentlemens!" "how ish yerself to-day!"

There was a larger crowd of gentlemen at the orner of Pecan Street, and when Ike and the stand and bear a partial crop the next season, or be plowed under as soon as the crop is gathered. I like best to raise one full crop, and only one. It is less labor to make a new bed, than to clean up an oil one. It is very little labor to plant an acre of strawberries, if properly done, and no other crop pays so well. The only difficulty is to get the right kind of plants, but every man can raise the plants himself, in this way. Straw-barries will do well on any land that will raise good corn.—Prairie Farmer. carse came, they all took off their hats reverently. Ike was moved at this universal hom-age, and exclaimed, half confidentially to him

A CAVILER in our vicinity, the other day, tried to put down his opponent with this question:

"If Noah did send out a dove that never returned, where did it go to !"

"Why," retorted his unyielding antagonist,
"I suppose somebody shot it."

THE Khedive of Egypt is talking about resigning his throne, and the great Powers are looking around for a proper person to fill it. The excitement in Waco is intense, and steadily

In Attala County, Miss., on the 13th inst., Mary Hudson gave birth to triplets—a boy and two girls. Her first remark was: "Bress de Lord! What's I gwine te do wid 'em!"—Coffee-

A Young dector in Norwalk spends his leisure hours in practicing on a cornet, and passers by, thinking an amputation is going on inside, are delinded as to the number of the man's patients.

A Firensum (Mass.) woman applied to the town overseers for help. They sent her a bag of meal, but she scolded at them, saying: "What is one hag of meal to fat two large hogs with?" PROF. BALL now estimates the age of the world at 4,000,000 years. He had to set it back that far to show for the origin of some of the clown's jokes.—Boston Post.

"Para, why is the cackoo one of the most in-telligent animals?" "Pon't knew; wby? "Be-cause it knows its own name."—Fliegende Blat-

THE difference between a defaulter and a thief is very simple. One steals enough to hire is state good lawyers, and the other don't.—Phila. News. fowls. WHY is fair Luna called the silver moon? Because she is constantly changing quarters.

### for the farmer.

finally yield a quantity of valuable manure, to be retarned to the soil. With a root copp in troduced into the rotation, there is seldom a de-mand for a summer fallow.—American Agricul-

How to Raise Strawberries.

THE SUMMER FALLOW.

The summer or bare fallow, was formerly considered the best method of preparing the land for the wheat crop. The exposure of the soil to the atmospheric and other influences for a whole season has an excellent effect, but it is not necessary. A crop may be grown, and if rightly attended to, the succeeding grain crop may be as good as when preceded by a season of fallow. The good results of fallow are the most evident upon clay land. The mechanical texture of the soil is improved by the frequent plowing and stirring, thus opening the soil for the free entrance of the air, and the better circulation of the soil water. These mechanical improvements facilitate the decomposition of some of the constituents of the soil, liberating potash and other essential elements of plant-food from the locked up and insoluble chemical compounds of the the soil. The ammonia of the atmosphere, which enters the soil with the rain, is more readily absorbed, and, last but not least, the vegetable matter in the soil is more quickly and thoroughly decomposed, and thereby made available for austaining the growing plants. All these points are gained by a summer fallow upon a heavy clay soil, but with a light soil there is no such demand for mechanical improvement, and no corresponding advantage gained in a chemical point of view. Nearly all that can be gained by a year of clean culture is obtained by a bood or root crop. With it the weeds can be killed as effectually as in the fallow; the soil will receive enough culture to make it sufficiently open for the circulation of air. There will be a large gain in the amount of the nitrates and other valuable nitrogen compounds. In the fallow these are formed during the hot months of the year, and, being very soluble, are washed out of the soil by heavy rains, while, if there is a crop, the nitrates, etc., are taken up as food, and stored away, to be used for some succeeding crop, the nitrates, etc., are taken up as food, and stored away, to be used for some succeeding crop, th ADDRESS TO THE ALABASTER SARCOPH-THE SUMMER FALLOW.

Lately Deposited in the British Mu-Then alabaster relic! wisite I hold

My hand upon thy sculptured margin throws,
Let me recall the scenes then coulds unfold,
Might'at then relate the changes from hast known,
For then wert primitive in thy formation,
Launched from the Abugisty's hand at the creation. Yes,—then wert present when the stars and skies And worlds unnumbered rolled into their places. When God from Chaos bade the spheres arise. And fixed the blasting our upon its basis. And with his fingers on the bounds of space, Marked out each placet's everlatting race. How many thousand ages from thy birth.
Thou slep at in darkness, it were vain to ask,
Till Exp is a some upleased thee from the earth.
And year by your pursued their patient task;
Till then west carved and decorated thus,
Worthy to be a king's servophagus.

Our Scrap Book.

What time Elijab to the skies ascended, Or David regned in hely Palastine, Some ancient Theban momers was extended Beneath the lid of this emblanesed shrine, And to that subterranson pulace been, Which toiling ages in the rock had worn. Thebes from her hundred portals filled the plain. To see the car on which thou west spheid;—
What funeral pennys extended in the train.
What banners waved, what mighty music swelled.
As axioles, priests, and crowds bewalled in chorus
Their King,—their God,—their Serapia,—their Orus

Thus to thy second quarry did they trust.

Thee and the Lord of all the nations round.
Grim King of Silence! Monarch of the Dust's
Embalmed, anoluted, jewelled, sceptred, cru
Here did he lie in state, cold, stiff, and stark,
A leathern Pharmal grimning in the dark. Thus ages rolled, but their dissolving breath Could only blacken that inprisoned thing Which wore a ghastly royally in death, As if it struggled still to be a king; And each recovering country, like the last, Just dropped its dust upon thy lid—and passes

The Persian conqueror o'er Egypt poured His devastating host.—a motley crew; The steel-ciad humenum,—the barinarian burds,— Music and men of every sound and hise.— Priests, archers, cunuchs, concubines, and brutes, Gongs, trumpets, cynobals, dulcimers, and lutes. How to Baise Strawberries.

One very important principle is often overlooked by the cultivator. It is that the production of the seed or fruit is a very exhausting process. When a man buys a tree from the nursery, and it bears a half a dozen samples of fruit the first year, it stops its growth just about one year. Hence, until a tree gets a good growth, it should not be allowed to bear. Trees that are growing rapidly do not bear, and if a tree is bearing at all, it is to the detriment of the growth.

A strawberry plant usually bears a crop of fruit, and also produces new vines. Now, if the blossoms of those plants from which we want to raise new plants are cut off in season, the whole strength goes into the new plants, and one thousand grown from plants that bore fruit at the same time. Old plants are worth nothing—new plants from an old bed are worth nothing. The only plants worth using are young plants grown from such as are not allowed to fruit. The true way to raise strawberries, is to get young plants of this description, and not allow them to fruit the first year. They will throw out plenty of strong, vigorous runners, and the next season, before bearing, take a part of these to make a new bed. A new bed should be made every year. When we plant in the spring, we should get no fruit the same year. The next year, we get the largest crop we ever get. The vines can stand and bear a partial crop the next season, or be plowed under as soon as the crop is gathered. I like best to raise one full crop, and only one.

Then did the fierce Cambynes tear away
The pomierous rock that scaled the sacred temb;
Then did the slowly penetrating my
Redeem thee from long centuries of gloom,
And lowered torches flashed against thy side,
As Asia's king thy blanoned trophics eyed. Pincked from his grave, with sacribegious taunt,
The features of the royal corpus they seamed:
Dashing the diadem from his temple gannt.
They tore the acceptre from his grangiess hand,
And on those fields, where once his will was law,
Left him for winds to waste and beasts to gnaw. Some plous Thebans, when the storm was post, Unclosed the significance, with cunning skill, And nature, siding their deviation, cast over its entrance a concealing rill. Then the third darkness came, and then didst sleep Twenty-three conturies in sidence deep.

But he from whom nor pyramid nor Sphinz Can hide its secrecies, Belaud, came; From the tand's mostle unlessed the granite links, Gave thee again to life and light and fame, And is ought thee from the sands and desert forth, To charm the public children of the North. Thou art in London, which, when thou wert new, Was, what Thebes is, a wilderness and waste,

Here, where I hold my hand, 'tis strange to think. What other hands perchance preceded mine; Others have also steed beside thy brink; And vainly connect the moralizing line. Kings, sages, chiefs, that touched this stone, like me, Where are ye now !--where all must shortly be! All is mutalion;—he within this stone
Was once the greatest monarch of the hour;—
His bones are dost—his very none unknows.
Ga.—learn from him the vanity of power;
Seek not the frame's corruption to control,
But build a lasting manesion for thy soul.

### MR. SIMMONS' REVENGE.

IGNORANCE is the mother of all evils,

The term "commencement Day—How and Where the Term Originated.

The term "commencement" is an Americanism, or, more properly, a New Englandism, originating many years ago among the Yankees in Connecticut, whose vocation it was to direct the education of the young. With a shrewd business sense, they determined that the then growenient distance, and would almost invariably catch the crow when he alighted ou the stamp. I canght eleven in one morning in this manner."

CLAY soil should be plowed somewhat early (in the fall), so as to secure dry plowing. This, as we have so often said, is important. Clay must be plowed in any way rather than wet, and in the fall. Then it will get the benefit of the whole fall and winter season, and the spring of fect of the elements. To plow wot in the spring is to kill clay soil.

Commencement Day—How and Where the Term Originated.

The term "commencement" is an Americanism, or, more properly, a New Englandism, originating many years ago among the Yankees in Connecticut, whose vocation it was to direct the education of the young. With a shrewd business sense, they determined that the then grow-ting practice of distributing premiums might of soiling water; cover close and cook for ten minutes, then more butter; or have a deep spider hot, point in granding, water in cover close and cook for ten minutes, then grow and closely distributing premiums might of soiling water; or have a deep spider hot, point in granding, water; cover close and cook for ten minutes, then grow and the advantage be adopted at the tense growing precise of distributing premiums might with advantage be adopted at the beginning in the advantage be adopted at the beginning in the stamp. It is a stand of at the close of the term. All who extended the continuence of the term. All who extended the continuence of the term following that it will get the benefit of the term following that it will get the benefit of the term following that it will get the benefit of the term following that it will get the benefit of the te

variably plant in rows and never in beds. I hold that the objection to planting in beds are so great, and so palpable, that it will admit of no discussion whatever. My standard rule is to plant in rows three feet apart, and plants two feet in row.—Cor. Horicultarist.

PUDDING.—Now is the time to bud shrubs and fruit trees. Many farmers have scattering peach trees of this year's growth, and a little atten-tion just now to budding will secure them the best varieties of this delicious fruit. The London Leaces says, speaking of church bells: "They are an intolerable and most mischief-working nuisance. To the sick, their ding-dong and jingle are a serious annoyance, and we do not hesitate to say that in many cases the loss of rest and the general disquietude they produce not only lessess the chance of recovery, but may expedite a fatal issue. A TEA made by boiling garden peppers in water added to boiled potatoes or corn meal dough is stated to be a sure preventive of cholers in A PIECE of iron in the trough out of which chickens feed is said to prevent cholera.

# Ascful and Curious.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Scarcely a newspaper can be picked up now-adays without seeing an seconic of some person who has the hybrophobin, or has been bitten by a mad-dog. From the number of such cases occurring, it shows that human life is in great jeoparly from this cause, and calls for more active measures than are ordinarily employed for protection against this dreaded disease.

As the heated term approaches, rabid dogs become more numerous and vicious in their habits, although why this is so no one can tell, nuless the old fiction be true that Sirius exerts the potent influence ascribed to it by the ameients during the dog-days of mid-summer. However that may be, it is enough to know that mad-dogs are in the land, and that protective measures againt them are necessary.

tent infinence ascribed to it by the ancients daring the dog-days of mid-summer. However that may be, it is enough to know that mad-dogs are in the land, and that protective incasures againt them are necessary.

In view of the value of a single human life that might be lost from this cause, and there are scores of lives sacrificed every year in this way, extermination of the cutire canine family would not seem to be too severe a judgment. Better that all the dogs should perish than that human beings should constantly fall victims to their ferocity. A few dogs might be tolerable and a few others valuable, but the hosts of worthless curs, big and little, that roam the streets and fields, snapping at each other and every thing that comes in there way, their can be no earthly use for but to have them slaughtered by the quickest method. A possible exception might be made in highbred dogs, as it is claimed that blooded animals never become rabid, and therefore not dangerous; but against dogs generally it is not more than right that laws should be enacted and enforced, killing the utterly worthless ones, and compelling the owner of every dog thought to be respectable, to muzzle his canine, as he values his life. This would obviate any danger from this source, to the great comfort and safety of everybody.

Hydrophobia is not always conveyed by a raging animal, as it has been known to occur from a seemingly innocent bite. Experiment proves that it is altogether the safest not to be bitten at all. The disease often manifests itself in a few weeks, but it may be menths and even years, before it developes its true character. The womal usually heals kindly as under ordinary circumstances, but after a time an uneasy or painful sensation is felt at the seat of injury, and the place becomes again an open sore.

The symptoms of hydrophobia vary somewhat in different persons, but as the name implies, there is always a fear of water, which is accompanied by a spasmodic action of the muscles of deglatition, preventing awallowing.

And the state of the contracting for the contr

CREAMED CABRAGE.—Slice as for cold slaw, and stew in a covered sancepan till tender; drain it, return to sancepan, add a gill or more of rich cream, one onnce of butter, pepper and salt to taste; let simmer two or three minutes, then serve. Milk may be used by adding a little more butter; or have a deep spider hot, put in the sliced cabbage, pour quickly over it a pint of boiling water; cover close and cook for ten minutes, then pour off water, and add half a pint of rich milk. When the milk boils, stir in a teaspoonful of flour moistened with milk; season, cook a moment, and serve.

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up.
Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and, with bnsy pen and ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines; labor whistles. Luck relies on chance; labor on character and energy.

The London Laucet says, speaking of church

The London Laucet says, speaking of church

FRIED ASPARAGUS.—Blanch the asparagus couple of minutes, and then drain it; dip eacl piece in batter and fry it in hot fat. When done sprinkle with salt and sarve het. This is nice

CHEMICAL analysis has shown that the cobra, the most deadly of East India serpents, is identi-cal with the composition of beer yeast.

## Select Poetry.

THE SAILOR BOY'S PAREWELL

Parewell to Fether! reverend hulk! In spite of metal, aptre of belk. Soon may his cathe slip; Yet, while the purting tear is moist. The flag of gratitude I II hust. In duty to the skip.

Parewell to Mather! Arricless she! Who hameled me on Life's stormy sea, And rigged me, fore and all! May Providence her timbers spare, And keep ber hall in good repair. To tow the smaller craft. Farewell to Sister! Lovely Facht! But whether she'll be "manned" or not I cannot new foresse;
May some good skip a "bender" prove,
Well found in stores of truth and love,
And take her inder lee.

Farewell to George! the "Jolly Boat!" And all the little craft afton! In home's delightful bay: When they arrive at aniling age, May Wisdom give the weather gauge, And guide them on their way.

Parewell to all on Life's rude main! Perhaps we we use or shall most again. Through stress of storny weather: But, summoned by the Board above, We'll harbor in the port of Love, And all be moured ingether. THE SWEETEST SONG I EVER HEARD.

BY MES. R. T. SUDMEDGE The sweetest song I ever heard,
Was one calm Sommer night;
'Twas like the card of a bird,
It thrilled me with dright;
It seemed not like a maden a voice,
It was so low and clear,
It trembled on my sparis' a church,
And forced a pearly tear,

I sought a sylvan hower hard by,
And met the sugartress there—
She was a child some twelve years old,
With flowing arburn hair;
"Tell me," said I, "sweat child of song,
Whence gushed that thrilling lay !
Dists learn it at thy mother's knee—
In childhood's earliest day!"

Her mild blue eyes were bright with tears,
She aweetly answered, "Yes!
"Its full of tender nemories,
A mother's smile and kies.
I never knew that others prized
The sang I love to sing:
I wender, lady, that you weep,
It is a simple thing." And often, now, when I am sad,
And deem the world unkind.
The pleasing looks of that fair child
Come througing o'er my mind.
Though of I've heard sweet, duleet strains,
That turned my thoughts above,
I ne'er shall hear a seng again,
So full of truth and love.

THE MOTHER'S HAND. A wandering orphan child was I— But meanly, at the best, attired; Por. oh! my mother scarce could buy The common food each week required; But when the anxions day had their It seem d to be her dearned joy. To press her jude hand on my lead, And pray that God would guide her bey.

But more, each Winter, more and more, Stern suffering brought her to decay; And then an Angel passed her door. And lore her lingering seal away! And 1—they know not what is grief, Who ne'er knell by a dying bed; All other wee on earth is brief. Save that which weeps a mother dead.

A seaman's life was soon my lot,

'Mid reckloss devda and desperate men!
But still I never quite forget.

The prayer I nover shall hear again;
And off, when half induced to tread.
Such paths as sunto sin drevs.

Ye fell her food hand press my bead,
And that solt touch hath saved her boy!

Though hard their mockety to receive.

Who no'er themselves 'gainst ain had striven,
Her who on earth I dared not grieve in heaven;
I could not—would not grieve in heaven;
And thus them many an action dread,
Too dark for human eyes to scan,
The same from hand apon my lead,
That bleased the boy, hath saved the man! WHAT IS A YEAR?

What is a year? The but a wave On Life's dark rolling stream, Which is as quickly gone, that we Acrount it but a dream. The but a single earnest throb. Of Time's old from heart, Which tirebess is, and strong as when It first with life did start. What is a year? The but a turn Of Time's old breaten wheel; Or but a page upon the book. Which Time must shortly seal. The but a step upon the read. Which we must travel o'er; A few more steps, and we shall walk. Life's weary road no more.

What is a year! The but a breath. From Time's old mostrile blown. As rushing onward o're the earth. We hear his wearty mean. The like the bubble on the wave. Or down upon the lawn—As transient as the mist of morn, because the Summer's sun. What is a year? Tis but a type Of Life's oft-changing wene-

Of Life's off-changing seen.— Youth's happy more comes gaily on. With hills and valleys green. Next Sunner's prime serveeds the Spring. Then Autama, with a tear. Then comes old Winter—death and all Must find a level here. ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing.
One by one the moments fall:
Some are coming, some are going.
Be not strive to grass them all.
One by one thy duties wait thee.
Let the whole strength go to such;
Let no future dreams elast thee.
Let me thou first what these can teach.

One by one, bright gifts of beaven, Joys are sent thee here below; Take them readily when given, Erady, too, to let them go. One by one thy griefs shall meet thee, Its not fear an armed band; One will flade as others greet thee, Shadows passing through the land. Do not look at life's long sorrow, See how small each moment's pain; God will help thee for to morrow; Every day begin again. Every hour that fleets as slowly. Has its task to do or bear; Luminous the errows, and hely. If thou set each gent with care.

Do not linger with regretting. Or for passing hours despond : Nor, thy daily tell forgetting. Nor, thy daily toll forgetting.
Look to engaryly beyond.
Houre are golden links, God's token.
Reaching Heaven: but, one by use,
Take them, leet the chain be broken.
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

MT SAMPEL LOVER. A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that then a child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking with angels." A halvy was sleeping; Its mother was weeping; Instant was far on the wild, raging sea; And the tempest was swelling; Bound the fisherman's dwelling; cried, "Dermot, darling, oh, come back to me!

Her beads while she numbered, The buty still slumbered, illed in her face, as she bounded her knee; "0, bleet be that warning. My child, thy sleep advaning, ow that the angels are whispering with these

"And while they are keeping Bright watch oer thy sleeping, to them softly, my bady, with me! And say thou wouldst rather They'd watch o'er thy father! ow that the angels are whispering to

The dawn of the morning
Saw bermet returning.
And the wife wept with joy her babe a father to see;
And closely carrising
Her child with a bloosing
Her child with a bloosing
Said. "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

BY MARIE & LADD.

The fragrance of the wild rose fills, With odorous breath, the Summer sir, And song of robin clearly trills. Along the dusty thoroughfare. The grassy lane with clover sweet.
That leads become the maple's stade,
Invites the wanderer's lingering feet.
Along the path the herd have made. The slope whereon the white lambs graze, Is brightened by the morning sun, That over the landscape softly plays, And gilds the day but just begun.

The rustic bridge across the stream Lassks picture-like. There oft is heard The heavy transping of a team, Or the light carol of a bird.

All nature throbs with its delights,
And that has speech which once seemed dumb;
Sweet harmoup the ear invites.
From whispering grass to insect's hum.
JULY COMETH. BY CARL SPENCTS.

Now comes the sudden flummer, The beautiful, flerce Summer, that of the tangled roses. And winding herry vines; We mocked, and called her alceping. We quall at her outleaping; Lo! through the jungle roses, An eye that burning shines. Come, night, O, night, the charmer, With thy soft breath disarm her; O, meering, stay thy music, Wake not the leopardess; On all vinds gouldy blowing, Play airs like waters flowing, And bind in snare of simuler Hor fearful leveliness.

MEADOW HYMN. Only when souring sings the lack, Struggling to fields of purer air; Silent her music when she sinks linck to a world less glad and fair.

Only when searing sings my heart.
Flutt ring on treamlons wing to God;
Painter the music as I fall.
Bash'd when I reach the lower sod. Lark of my heart! this morn astir, Upward to God on eaper wing! Rise with a burst of grateful song, Carol the best that love can sing!

Remove you shall from out the continued beaps; In that a temple where a God may dwell!
Why, even the worm at her disclaims her shattere
Look on list broken beth, its rained wall.
Its chambers sensitabilities a sizy hall.
Yes, this word the most strength of the soul;
Behold through each lack instre cyclem hole
The gry some of wisdom and of wit.
And passion; purt, that never brooked control
Can all and, age, or sophist ever writ.
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit!

BT LORD STRON.



rollizing, Absorbing, and Expelling ---HUMORS

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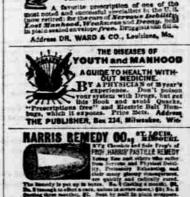
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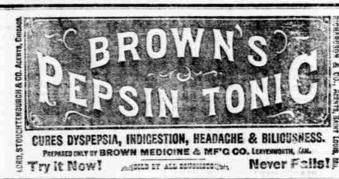
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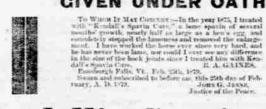
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